A NEW COLLECTION OF SONGS AND POEMS.

By *Thomas D'urfey*, Gent.

LONDON:
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SONGS

AND

POEMS

ON

COLLECTION

A NEW

A Song made to a Tune, by the command of a Lady of Quality.

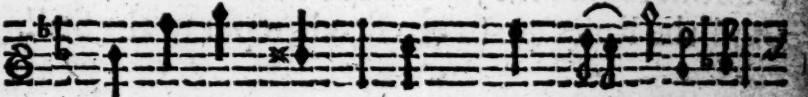
AT the foot of a Willow close under the

shade, Young *Celion* and *Silvia* one evening

were laid, the Youth pleaded strongly for

fruits of his Love, but honour had forc't

her his flame to reprove, she cries, where's



the Luster when Clouds shade the Sun? or

what is brisk Nectar the taſte being gone?

in flowers on the ſtalks ſweeteſt Odours do

dwell, but if gather'd the Roſe is, it loſes

the ſmell.

II.

Thou faireſt of Nymphs the bold Shepherd reply'd,
If ere thou wilt argue, begin on Love's ſide;
In matters of State let dull reaſons be ſhown,
But Love is a power will be ſway'd by his own;
Nor ſhould a Coy Beauty be counted ſo rare,
For ſcandal can blaſt both the Chaſt and the Fair;
Moſt fierce are the joyes Love's Alembick doth fill,
And the Roſes are ſweeteſt when put to the Still.

The Bully, *a Song in the Fool turned Critick, ſet by Mr.* Lock.

I.

ROom, Room, Room for a man oth' Town
That takes delight in roaring,
That dayly rambles up and down,
And ſpends his Night in Whoring;
That for the Modiſh name of Spark
Dares his Companions rally,
Commits a Murder in the dark,
Then ſneaks into an Alley.

II.

To every Female that he ſees
He ſwears he bears affection,
Diſdains all Law, Arreſts, or Fees,
By help of a protection;
At laſt intending worſer wrongs
By ſome reſenting Cully,
He's decently whipt through the Lungs,
And there's an end of Bully.

A Song in Madam Fickle, ſet by Mr. Turner.

1.

BEneath a ſhady Willow, near
A River's Purling ſtreams,
Aſtrea careleſs of her Sheep
With folded Arms lay faſt aſleep,
Poſſeſs'd with Golden Dreams,
Her working faculty's ſupply'd
What drowzy ſleep deny'd:
For oft ſhe'd ſmile, and ſigh, and graſp the Air,
Thinking her much lov'd *Celadon* was there.

2.

But as this ſleeping harmleſs Maid
Lay rapt in ſilent joy,
Poſſeſſing all that could be ſought
In fetter'd ſenſes happy thought,
Her Swain came Fiſhing by:
He eager to enjoy the bliſs,
Awak'd her with a Kiſs;
She Bluſhing roſe, and cry'd unhapy Fate,
Ah *Celadon* thou now art come too late.

A Song on Dorinda *going in a Barge up the* Thames.

1.

BRight was the Morning, cool was the Air,
Serene was all the Sky,
When on the Waves I left my dear,
The Centre of my Joy;
Heaven and Nature ſmiling were,
And nothing ſad but I.

2.

Each Roſie Field did Odours ſpred,
All Fragrant was the ſhore;
Each River God roſe from his Bed,
And ſigh'd and own'd her power:
Curling their Waves they deck'd their head,
As proud of what they bore.

3.

So when the fair *Egyptian* Queen
Her Heroe went to ſee,
Cidnus ſwell'd o're his Banks in pride
As much in love as he:
Cidnus ſwell'd, *&c.*

4.

Glide on ye waters, bear theſe Lines
And tell her how diſtreſs'd,
Bear all my ſighs ye gentle winds
And waft 'em to her Breaſt,
Tell her if e're ſhe prove unkind,
I never ſhall have reſt.

A Song

Celia's *Victory*, *a Song made at* Epſom, *and ſet by Mr.* Farmer.

I.

BOaſt no more fond Love thy power,
Or thy paſſion ſweet and ſower,
Bow to *Celia*, ſhow thy duty,
Celia ſways the world of Beauty;
Venus now does kneel before her,
And admiring Crowds adore her.

II.

Like the Sun that guilds the Morning
Celia ſhines, but more adorning;
She like fate can wound a Lover,
Angel like too can recover;
She can kill or ſave from dying,
When the Raviſht ſoul is flying.

III.

Sweeter than the blooming Roſe is,
Whiter than the falling Snow is;
Then ſuch eyes the great Creator,
Choſe as Lamps to kindle Nature;
Curſt is he that can refuſe her,
Ah hard fate that I muſt looſe her.

Chloe's *Complaint*, *a Song ſet by* *Mr.* Farmer.

I.

LOng I've been wounded, but ne're durſt complain,
Long, long have been fetter'd yet ſtill hug the Chain;
Long cruel Parents have tortur'd my Love,
And Fate long has ſtrove the dear flame to remove;
But ſtill like a Rock 'gainſt the Tide and the Wind
I fix, let the Torrent prove ne're ſo unkind;
And whilſt my *Silvander* purſues his deſire,
I ſtill bear the Tinder and he the Fire.

II.

The wiſe may dull Reaſons and Morals propoſe,
And clog my ſick fancy with Precepts like thoſe;
But ah how in vain how vainly they preach,
Great Love ſurmounts all that their reaſon can teach;
Love the great Agent that Nature employs,
The God of our Paſſions and ſource of our Joyes;
Without whom we ſoul-leſs and wretched ſhould prove,
For Mortals are Beaſts till refin'd by Love.

A Song ſet to an Excellent Tune of Monſieur Baptiſt.

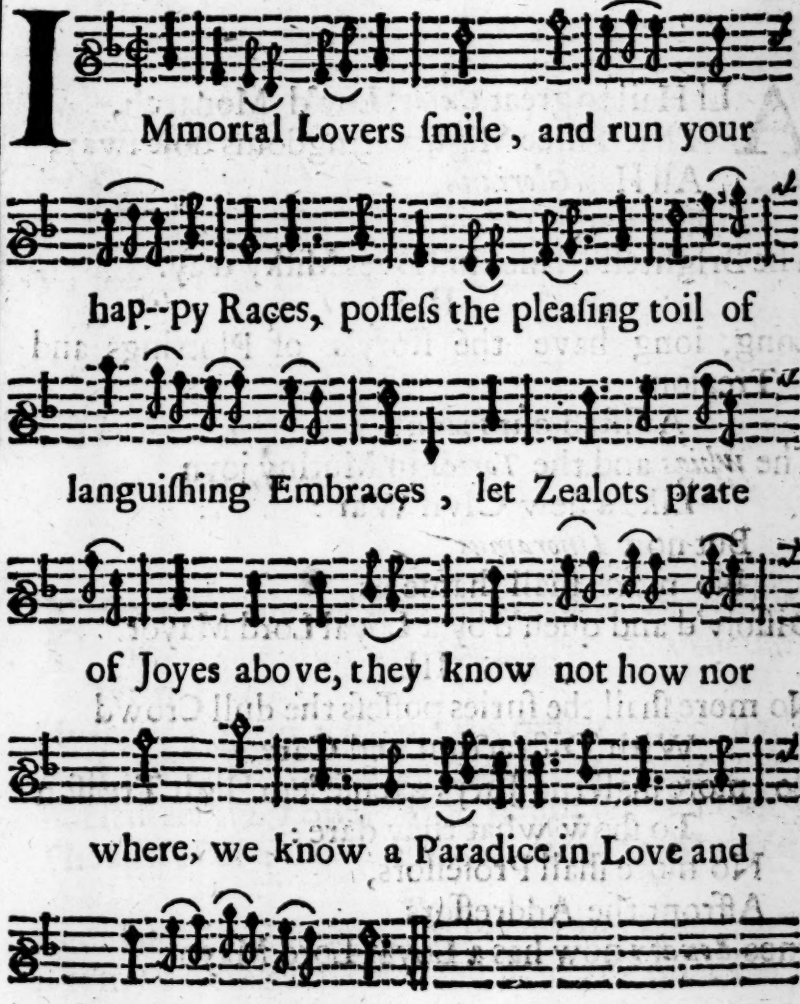
I.

Bid the Spring that's now a coming
Keep the Virgin Budds from blooming;
Bid the Deer forbear the Fountains,
Or the Snow the Tops of Mountains;
Bid the Stormy Winds leave blowing,
Or the Sea its ebb and flowing;
All theſe wonders may be doing
Far ſooner than to move,
To move,
To move
My conſtant Love.

II.

So ſhort is our lifes ſweeteſt minute,
That we loſe it whilſt we win it;
For if laſting were the Paſſion,
Who! ah! who would heed Salvation?
All the Joyes that Heaven Created,
All our ſorrows are abated;
The dear bliſs makes ev'ry Lover rated
A Deity and more,
And more,
Much more
By Beauties power.

IMMORTAL LOVERS.



A Song

A Song Sung to the King and Queen upon Sir John Moor's *being Choſen Lord Mayor.*

I.

ALl Hail to great *Cæſar*, Lov'd Monarch,
That Three Mighty Kingdoms doſt ſway,
All Hail *Gloriana*,
The Lands *Arcana*,
The Brighteſt Planet in Loves Milky way.

II.

Long, long have the ſtory's of Plottings and Treaſons
Aſſiſted our fears,
The *whigs* and the *Tories* in Mutiny joyn,
Like a new Civil War:
But now *Ignoramus*
No more ſhall ſhame us,
Diſſolv'd and quell'd by a Loyal Lord Mayor.

III.

No more ſhall the furies poſſeſs the dull Crowd
With Diſtraction and Care,
No more ſhall the Jurys excuſe 'em High Treaſon
To ſhow what they dare:
No more ſhall Profeſſors,
Affront the Addreſſors
Since *London* now has a Loyal Lord Mayor.

IV. Then

IV.

Then welcome Great *Cæſar*, and welcome the Pretor
That now rules the Chair,
Our hearts with a pleaſure do Crown the ſwift Minutes
Of this happy year:
For 'tis ſtrange in the City,
The more is the pity,
To ſee, to ſee a Loyal Lord Mayor.

The Second Song in Sir Barnaby Whigg, *to the Tune of the* Delights of the Bottle.

I.

FArewell my lov'd ſcience my former delight,
Moliere is quite riffled, then how ſhould I write;
My fancy's grown ſleepy, my quibling is done,
And deſign or Invention alas I have none;
But ſtill let the Town never doubt my Condition,
Though I fall a dam'd Poet Ile mount a Muſitian.

II.

I got fame by filching from Poems and Plays,
But my Fidling and drinking has loſt me the Bays;
Like a fury I rail'd, like a Satyr I writ,
Therſites my humour, and *Fleckno* my wit;

But

But to make ſome amends for my ſnarling and laſhing,
I divert all the Town with my Thrumming and Thraſhing.

The Serenade, a Song in the Injured Princeſs or a fatal wager, ſet by Captain Pack.

I.

THe Larks awake the drouzy morn,
My deareſt lovely *Chloe* riſe,
And with thy dazling Rays adorn
The Ample World and Azure Skies:
Each eye of thine out-ſhines the Sun,
Though deckt in all his light,
As much as he excells the Moon,
Or each ſmall twinkling Star at Noon,
Or Meteor of the Night.

II.

Look down and ſee your Beauty's power,
See, ſee the heart in which you raign;
No Conquer'd ſlave in Triumph bore,
Did ever wear ſo ſtrong a Chain:
Feed me with ſmiles that I may live,
I'le ne're wiſh to be free,
Nor ever hope for kind Reprieve,
Or Loves gratefull bondage leave
For Immortality.

A Song

A Song to a very Beautiful but very Proud Lady, ſet by Mr. Farmer *in two Movements.*

I.

CHloe, your ſcorn abate, kind beams diſcover;
Frowns purchace all mens hate, but gain no Lover;
Nature and Feature deſign'd you rare.
But whilſt you are proud you are not fair;
Nor can the joys of Paſſion prove,
For Pride is ſtill a foe to Love.

II.

To Courts where Tyrants ſway, who'le venture thither?
Or who will put to Sea in Stormy weather?
Faces and Graces no luſtre own,
When ſhaded by diſdainfull frown;
Ne're to the Sun had the *Perſian* bow'd,
Had he hid his bright Glories behind a Cloud.

Second Movement.

But when the Bottles rowl about and Glaſſes,
Plague on all Intrigues, and pox on charming faces;
But when the Bottles rowl about and Glaſſes,
We know no diſdain, nor value Charming faces;

Let

Let the puney Lover ſigh and whine and moan,
Like a fluttering drone, make an Inſect humming;
Beauty here we ſee, more bright than any ſhe,
Never out of humour, kind and always coming.

Scotch *Song in the* Royaliſt, *made to a Pleaſant new Tune.*

I.

TWa bonny Lads were *Sawney* and *Jockey*,
Blith *Jockey* was lov'd but *Sawney* unluckie;
Yet *Sawney* was tall, well-favour'd and witty,
But Iſe in my heart thought *Jockey* more pretty;
For when he view'd me, ſu'd me, woo'd me,
Never was Lad ſo like to undo me;
Fye, I cryed, yet almoſt died,
Leſt *Jockey* ſhould gang, and come no more to me.

II.

Jockey would Love, but he would not Marry,
And Iſe had a dread leaſt I ſhould miſcarry;
For his cunning Tongue with Wit was ſo guilded,
That I was afraid my heart would have yielded;
Daily he bleſs'd me, preſs'd me, kiſs'd me,
Loſt was the hour methought when he miſs'd me;
Crying, denying, and ſighing, I'de woo him,
But ah! much ado had I to gang fro him.

III. But

III.

But cruel Fate robb'd me of this Jewel,
For *Sawney* would make him fight in a Duel,
And down in a Dale with Cypreſs ſurrounded,
Ah! there to his death poor *Jockey* was wounded;
But when he thrill'd him, fell'd him, kill'd him,
Who can expreſs my grief that beheld him!
Raging, I tore my Hair to bind him,
And vow'd, and ſwore, I'de ne're ſtay behind him.

Kingſton *Church*, *a Song*.

I.

SWeet uſe your time, abuſe your time,
No longer, but be wiſe;
Your Lovers now diſcover you
Have Beauty to be priz'd;
But if you'r Coy you'l looſe the joy,
So Curſt will be your Fate,
The flower will fade, you'l dy a Maid,
And mourn your chance too late.

II.

At Thirteen years and Fourteen years
The Virgins heart may range,
'Twixt Fifteen years and Fifty years
You'l find a wondrous chance;

Then

Then whilſt in Tune in *May* and *June*,
Let Love and Youth agree;
For if you ſtay till *Chriſtmas* day
The Devil ſhall woo for me.

The Miſtreſs, a Song made to an Excellent Scotch Tune.

COme all ye ſmiling Loves
That grace the Throne of Beauty,
Adorn the virdant Groves
Where Charming *Celia* lyes;
To her the Virgins round
Pay homage, zeal and duty,
With Heaven her face is Crown'd,
And Fate ſits in her eyes.

II.

A Thouſand Shepherds wait upon her,
Thouſands ſhe refuſes ſtill,
Though at her feet they ly,
And languiſh pine and dy;
A too too rigid point of Honour,
Which her vertue uſes ſtill,
Makes wretched all the Plains,
And Murders all the Swains.

III.

See where Loves Monarch goes
To watch the Dazling Creature,

For fear her eyes ſhould cloſe,
And ſhrowd the World in ſhades;
Poſſeſs her with my Woes,
Thou mighty God of Nature;
Tell her the ſweeteſt Roſe
The Blaſt of Time will fade.

IV.

Inſpire her to believe my Paſſion,
And receive the trueſt Love,
That ever found a part
In any Virgins heart;
Ah! tell her Pride is out of faſhion;
Beauty ſhould divinely prove,
Like Heaven that mercy payes
To the meaneſt wretch that prayes.

A Song made to a Tune for the L. G.

SHining Stars are *Celia*'s eyes,
Sweet Roſes bloom in either Cheek,
Love from thoſe his flame ſupplies,
From theſe does ſweet Odour ſeek;
Every Grace that decks her face
Shows her of more than mortal race;
Every charm does ſo controul,
That ſhe like Heaven formes the ſoul;
Soft as doun each outward part,
But, ah! no Marble like her heart.

To Aſtrea.

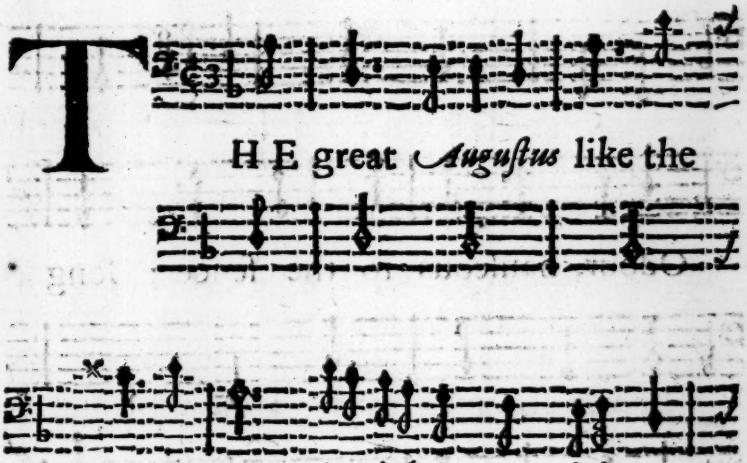
I.

HOW long my deareſt *Aſtrea*, how long
Muſt *Celadons* Love be delay'd?
You know that my paſſion though vig'rous and ſtrong,
If kept from fruition will fade
And periſh like flies in the ſhade;
And when Icy Age does our Battlements ſtorm,
Our wiſhes can give us no power to perform.

II.

The bloſoms that now on the ſtalk looks ſo gay,
Is wither'd oft by an ill Air,
The Beauty that now looks ſplended as *May*,
Will periſh through ſickneſs or care,
Such deſtiny follows the fair:
Then uſe your beſt Minutes to Love and be kind,
For time never leaves any Beauty behind.

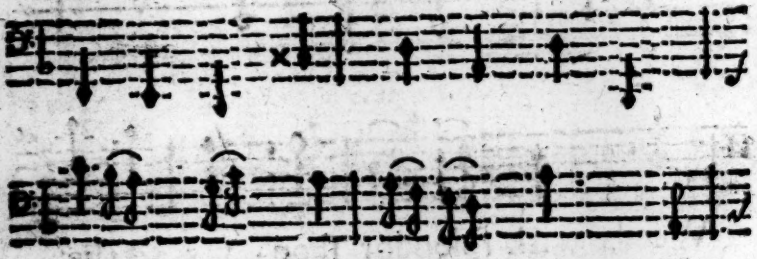
A Song in the Royalliſt *to the King, ſet by Doctor* Blow.



Fruits of his bright influence was an ill

Odour, nauſeous to the ſence; long

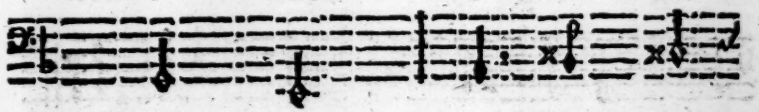
ſlighted they his grace and love, his



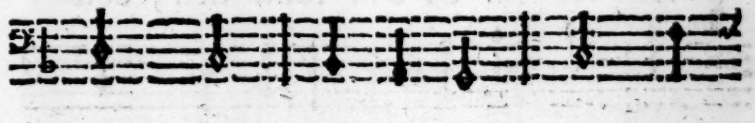
mercy made 'em Rebels prove; nor

would

would they be kept under, like the



rude Ancient sthat affronted *Jove*, be-



cauſe they never felt his lightning or

his thun--der, becauſe they never felt his

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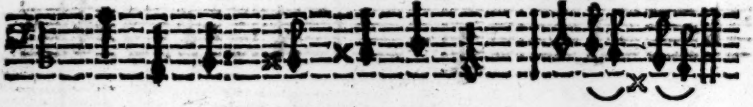
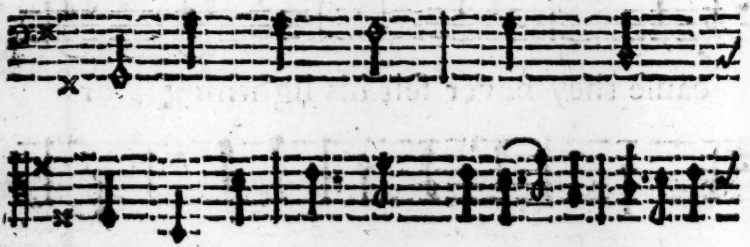
light--ning or his thun----------der.



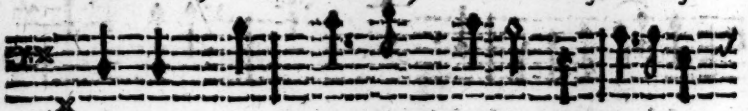
CHORUS.

THen let 'em be con--foun--ded, con-

Then let 'em be con--foun-ded, con-



founded, confounded; and ſo may every



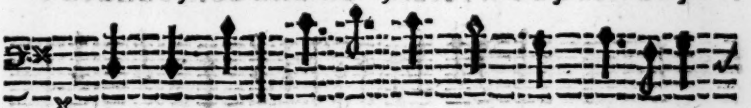
founded, confounded; and ſo may every

Round

Round head, then let 'em be confounded, con-

Round head, then let 'em be confounded, con-

founded, confounded, and ſo may e-ve-ry



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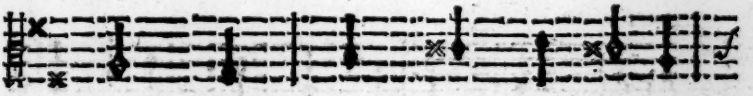

Round head, that ſtands not up for

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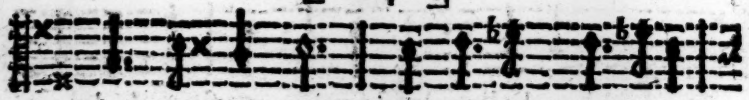

King and Laws, and ſo may e-ve-ry

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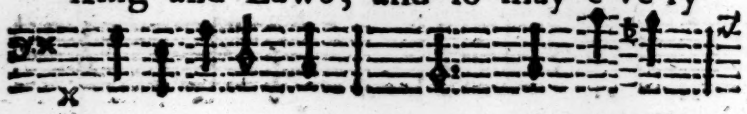
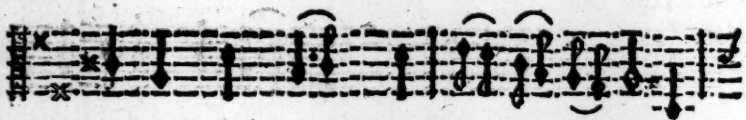
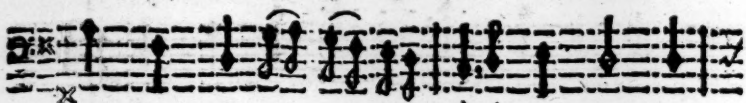




Round head be wretch---ed and confounded,



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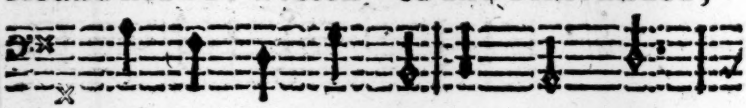

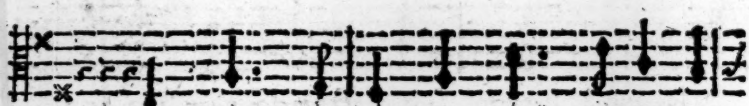

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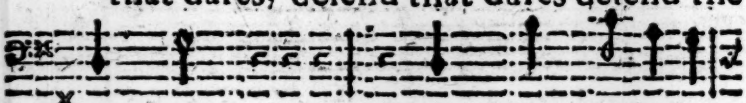

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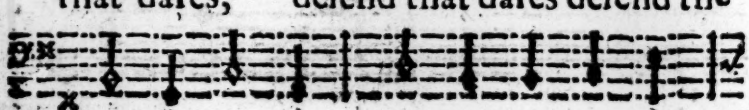
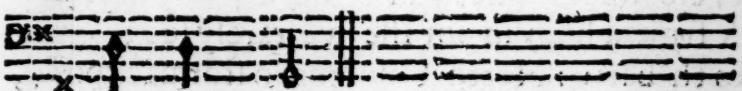
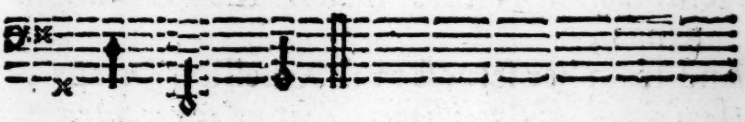


good

good old Cauſe.



good old Cauſe.



A Panegyrick *on their Royal Highneſſes, and Congratulating his Return from* SCOTLAND.

WHen the moſt high Eternal Son of God
Through fam'd *Judea* in Proceſſion Rode;
The Loyal Publican with zealous haſt
Climb'd up a Tree to view him as he paſt;
And with a look that did his joy relate,
The Mighty Saviour did Congratulate;
So 'mongſt the Crouds that with impatience Strove
T' expreſs their fealty and faithful Love,

I and my throbbing heart with equal flames
Panted and preſt to meet the Godlike *JAMES*;
Welcome then mighty Sir, welcome as peace
To Conquer'd Nations, or to ſick men eaſe;
Welcome as what you bring us, Loyalty,
A fruit which in our Iſle we rarely ſee;
In th' barren North it blooms to ſtorms expos'd,
But in our Sunny Climate never grows;
Here fertile Nature makes the Commons Kings,
And from her fatneſs rank Rebellion ſprings;
Dam'd Luſt of Engliſh men, that ne're repented
Their Treaſon, nor with Bleſſing were contented.
Black was the day and blaſted was the year
When the Curſt factions full of wretched fear;
Sought the true Heir of *England* to exclude
Onely becauſe he was too *Great* and *Good*;
Two Epithetes that never yet could ſuit
The ſordid mind of your true *Engliſh* Brute;
Loud Tempeſts roar'd as if deſign'd to croſs
The Royal Mandate and not let him paſs,
Whilſt weeping Flouds ſeem'd to mourn our loſs;
And as each Element then bore a part
In grief, even ſo did every Honeſt Heart;
But now the happy hours are fully bleſt,
The Land with the full ſtore of Heaven Poſſeſt;
The Seaſon ſmiles and each propitious ray
For his return their ſecret joy diſplay;

The

The Flowers that did in private Cloſſets keep;
And during the Winter of his Abſence ſleep
Bloom out, and a gay fragant Robe put on
To bleſs and welcome in the Riſing Sun;
Lætamur, *is the word, a word which late
As mighty hopes did mighty joy create;
When the fam'd Motto with applauſe was put
To th' Effigie of the *Grand Patriot*;
Neareſt their hearts, where late their *Georges* hung,
The Palefac't Medal with a ſilver Tongue
Was plac't, whilſt every wearer ſtill expreſt
His joy to Harbour there ſo fam'd a gueſt;
The wretch that ſtampt it got immortal fame,
'Twas coyn'd by ſtealth like Groats at *Brumicham*:
Whilſt each Profeſſor with exalted voice,
Cryes *Englands* ſaved, and now *let us Rejoyce*.
But though ſeditious Tenets they purſue,
We have a cauſe of joy ſolid and true,
And therefore let us cry *Lætamur* too.
For Mighty *YORK*'s return'd, return'd to Raign
O're hearts, and move in his Great Sphere again;
'Tis in his face you ſee the Riſing Sun,
T' other's a Comet blazing o're the Town;
Portending miſchiefs, ſeeming to explain,
The former Tragick Scene deſign'd again;

* *The Motto of the medal.*

Fly

Fly then ye Loyal Natives, fly with zeal;
Embrace his knees and your true joy reveal;
Prove your Affection to your Injur'd Prince,
Give him your hearts, for you had his long since,
Aid his true cauſe, oppoſe the Rebel power,
And never part with your lov'd *Heroe* more.
And hail bright Princeſs beſt of thy fair kind,
An Angels body with an Angels mind,
Beauteous as are the Virgin Saints above,
That ſit and ſmile on the Right hand of *Jove*:
And good as the firſt ſtate heaven form'd 'em in,
E're that Angelick Sex knew how to ſin;
How when ſhe comes, ſhall we our Crimes atone?
How ſhall we meet the Juſtice of her frown?
That doing no offence was forc't away
With her dear Lord a cruel fate t' obey,
And ſacrifice her Joy, her Peace and Fame
To a curſt branded thing without a Name,
Down her fair face the liquid Treaſures rowl'd,
Then taking on her Royal Partner hold,
England farewell, ſhe cry'd, *thou hated ſhore,*
And may I never ſee thy baſeneſs more;
But ſhe comes back and nobly may deſpiſe
The Pigmy malice of her Enemies;
Diſdain and Anger in her forehead ſit,
Yet both ſo calm'd and temper'd by her wit,

That

That with a modeſt ſmile ſhe ſtrives t' oppoſe
Revenge, and only pities all her Foes.
Return then and forgive, and may your Name
Charm the wide Globe as does your *Heroe*'s
Fame:
Long may ye love, and ſtill may ye appear
Teeming, as to our joy you prove this year,
Your Pregnant veins are framing wond'rous
things,
Oh Glorious Paſſion that creates young Kings!
The illuſtrious Infant ſtruggles in the Womb,
As if he knew his Royal Fate to come;
And ſilently mourns that ſo long a ſpace
'Twill be e're he begins his Glorious Race:
But when as the divineſt gift of Heaven,
The Princely Babe is for our comfort given;
May every heart conſpire with every Tongue
T' implore his years may be renown'd and
long,
That he may merit his brave Fathers name,
And rival Vertue with his Mothers fame.
Methinks I ſee our great *Auguſtus* ſtand,
With the fair Princeſs ſmiling in his hand;
High Grandeur mixt with joy adorns his face,
Whilſt bluſhing duty hers does ſweetly grace:
Their Eyes are fixt and mingling glories ſeem
Like the Suns Rays reflecting on a Jem,
His awful light then on his Brother ſhines,
Who with a ſilent modeſty inclines

To hear his welcome, and with humble grace,
Fixing his Eyes upon his Monarchs face,
His willing knees with Loyal duty bend
To his dear King, his Brother and his Friend,
Who in his arms does the lov'd Favorite hold,
And ſpeaks a Gracious welcome from his Soul.
Thrice happy *Scotland*, well did'ſt thou begin
To make atonement for thy former ſin;
When thou with joy a Virtue did'ſt embrace
By brooding Factions driven from this place,
Well was the much wrong'd Prince receiv'd by thee,
And well ha[illegible]thou reform'd thy Loyalty;
Yet to his goodneſs thou thy fame doſt owe,
For thou had'ſt faithleſs bin had he been ſo;
But as the *Thracian* Bard with Charming ſtrains,
Drew the wild Savages from Woods and Plains,
Controul'd their Brutiſh rage where e're he came,
And made the fierceſt Wolves and Tigers tame;
So mighty Prince thy vertue did oppoſe
The cloſe deſigns and malice of thy Foes,
And made a Nation fam'd for Treachery
Bow to thy Loyal Principles and thee;
Whilſt *England*'s left with its King-killing race,
A neſt of Rebels as it ever was.

A Song in the Fond Husband *in the praise of Marriage, set by Mr.* Turner.

I.

UNder the Branches of a spreading Tree,
Silvander sat from care and danger free;
And his inconstant roving humour shows
To his dear Nimph, that sung of Marriage vows;
But she with flowing graces Charming Air,
Crys fye, fye, my dear give o're,
Ah, tempt the pow'rs no more,
But thy offence with penitence repair;
For though vice in a Beauty seem sweet in thy Arms,
An Innocent Beauty has always more Charms.

II.

Ah, *Philida!* the angry Swain reply'd,
Is not a Mistress better than a Bride?
What Man that universal yoke retains,
But meets an hour to sigh and curse his chains?
She smiling crys, change, change that impious mind,
Without it we could prove,
Not half the joys of Love,
'Tis Marriage makes the feeling bliss divine!
Then all our life long we from scandal remove,
And at last fall the Trophies of honour and Love.

An Epitaph on Dorinda.

IN this cold Monument lies one,
That I know who has lain upon;
(The happier he) whose sight would charm,
And touch would frozen Hermits warm:
Lovely as the Dawning East,
Was this Marbles frozen guest,
As Glorious and as bright as day,
As Odoriferous as *May*;
Whom I admir'd as soon as knew,
And now her memory pursue
With such a superstitious lust,
That I would ravish even her dust;
She all perfection had in store,
Beauty, as if design'd a Whore;
Or, as if Nature in her face
Design'd dull vertue to disgrace;
Civil she was and young, and wise,
And in her calling so precise,
That industry had made her prove
The kissing School-mistress of Love:
But Death Ambitious to become
Her Pupil leaves his Ghastly home,
And seeing how we us'd her here,
The rawbon'd Rascal Ravisht her;
Who pretty soul resign'd her Breath,
To practice Letchery with Death.

The Third Song in the Royalist, Sung by Mr. Bowman.

I.

NOW now the *Tories* all must droop
Religion and the Laws;
And *Whigs* of Commonwealth get up,
To top the good *Old Cause*:
Tantivy Boys must all go down
With haughty Monarchy;
The Leather Cap must brave the Crown;
And hey Boys up go we.

II.

When once the Antichristian crew,
Are crusht and overthrown
Wee'l teach the Nobles how to sue;
And keep the Gentry down;
Good manners has an ill report,
And tends to Pride we see;
Wee'l therefore cry all breeding down;
And hey then up go we.

III.

The Name of Lord shall be abhorr'd;
For every man's a Brother,
What reason then in Church or state
One man should rule another?

When we have Pill'd and Plunder'd all,
And level'd each degree,
Wee'l make their Plump young Daughters fall,
And hey then up go we.

IV.

Wee'l down with all the Versities
Where Learning is profest,
Because they practice and maintain
The Language of the Beast;
Wee'l exercise within the Groves,
And teach beneath a Tree,
Wee'l make a Pulpit of a Cask,
And hey then up go we.

V.

What though the King and Parliament
Do not accord together,
We have most cause to be content,
This is our Sunshine weather;
For if good reason should take place,
And they should once agree,
Zoons who would be in a Roundheads case;
For hey Boys up go we.

VI.

Wee'l break the Windows which the Whore
Of *Babylon* has Painted,
And when the Bishops are run down,
Our Elders shall be sainted;

Thus having quite enſlav'd the Town;
Pretending it to free:
At laſt the Gallows claims its own.
And hey Boys up go we.

I.

A Seranade, Sung at Tunbridge.

LOok down fair Nimph and ſee,
The tenders of a Lovers duty,
Whoſe heart till now was free,
From Ihaces of ſweet enchanting Beauty:
Like Bedlam *Tom*, I range and ſue,
Around the ſtreets all night I rove,
For pitty then look down and view
The victim of Almighty Love.

II.

Second Movement.

Like Spirits we wander in dead time of night,
Huzza, Huzza, we roar and we fight;
With Bagpipe and Drum,
We rant our way home;
But ſee the Watch comes to oppoſe our delight.

CHORUS.

Charge, charge, hey we ſcowre,
Through the Billmen in Flannel,
And down drops a Conſtable into the kennel.

A Song in Madam Fickle.

I.

HAppy is the Man that takes delight
In Banqueting his senses,
That drinks all Day, and then at Night
The height of joy commences:
With Bottles arm'd we stand our ground,
Full Bumpers crown our Blisses,
Then Roar and Sing the streets around
In serenading Misses.

II.

By blessings free and unconfin'd,
We prove without reproaches:
There's no bliss like a frolick mind,
Or pleasures like Deboaches:
Whilst rambling thus new joys we reap,
In charms of Love and Drinking;
Insipid Fops lye drown'd in sleep,
And the Cuckold he lies thinking.

The Rapture, a Song set by Mr. Farmer.

I.

AS on *Serena*'s panting Breast
The happy *Strephon* lay,
With Love and Beauty doubly blest
He past the hours away:
Fierce Raptures of transporting Love,
And pleasure struck him dumb,
He envied not the pow'rs above,
Nor all the joys to come.

II.

As painful Bees far off do rove,
To bring their Treasure home,
So *Strephon* rang'd the Field of Love,
To make his honny Comb:
Her Ruby lips he suckt and prest,
From whence all sweets derive,
Then buzzing round her snowy Breast;
Soon crept into the hive.

A Song in the Night Adventures, or Squire Oldsap, set by Mr. Graboe.

I.

CLose in a hollow silent Cave,
Young *Damon* sleeping lay,
Himself one hour from grief to save,
And from the scorching day,
He *Celia* lov'd, whose Face and Wit
Did every Shepherds sence controul;
Whose flowing hair was Loves soft net,
Whose every glance a heart did get:
And every smile a Soul.

II.

But see what Balm Love's Monarch keeps,
To ease a Lovers pain,
As he in this dark Mansion sleeps,
It fiercely gan to rain:
Fair *Celia* roving through the Farm,
A straying Lamb from hurt to save,
Which found, she folds with her white Arm,
And then to save her from the storm,
Strait slipt into the Cave.

III.

III.

The drowzy Swain began to ſmile,
To ſee his Heaven ſo nigh,
She bluſht and fear'd, and all the while
The Lamb ſtood bleating by;
No breath is left her to complain,
She's now a Captive by ſurprize,
And fears approaching joys and pain;
Thus at the mercy of the Swain,
The Charming Virgin lies.

A Scotch Song, Sung in the Virtuous *Wife.*

I.

Sawney was Tall and of Noble Race,
And lov'd me better than any eane;
But noo he liggs by another Laſs,
And *Sawney* will ne're be my Love agen:
I gave him fine Scotch Sarke and Band,
I put 'em on with mine own hand;
I gave him Houſe, and I gave him Land;
Yet *Sawney* will ne're be my Love agen.

II.

I robb'd the Groves of all their ſtore,
And Noſegays made to give *Sawney* one;
He kiſt my Breaſt and feign wou'd do mere,
Gud feth me thought he was a bonny one:
He ſqueez'd my fingers, graſp'd my knee,
And Carv'd my name on each green Tree,
And ſigh'd and languiſht to ligg by me;
Yet noo he wonot be my Love agen.

III.

My Bongrace and my Sun-burnt Face
He praiz'd, and alſo my Ruſſet Gown,
But noo he doats on the Copper Lace
Of ſome lew'd Quean of *London* Town:
He gangs and gives her Cruds and Cream,
Whilſt I poor ſoul ſit ſighing at heam,
And near joy *Sawney* unleſs in a dream;
For now he near will be my Love agen.

Another Song written at Epſom *on Beauty.*

BEauty, thou Throne of Graces,
Bright Queen of charming Faces;
Thou Soul of endleſs Paſſion,
Thou Tyrant of the Nation:

Thou

Thou God that doſt inflame us;
Thou Fury ſent to damn us;
How happy ſhould we be
Proud foe wer't not for thee?

II.

Numerous ſhining glories,
Adorn'd my Lovely *Chloris*;
Her Face was ſweet as Summer,
Her Pride did well become her:
Her voice from *Jove* was given,
Each Angel flew from Heaven,
And ſmiling clapt his wing,
For Joy to hear her ſing.

III.

My Soul was ſtill admiring,
This falſer than a Syren;
I ſtrongly did beſiege her,
But ne're durſt diſoblige her:
But ſhe like Froſty weather,
Nipt all my Buds together;
And thinking me untrue,
My fond heart did undoe.

Another made to a pleasant Tune.

I.

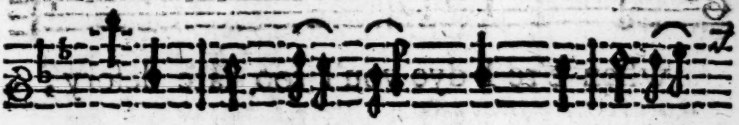
WHen to Paradice the Soul is brought,
The bright Quires all flock to it;
In the eternal rose Groves 'tis sought;
Fair She Saints, and Virgins woo it,
Angels, Cherubins still pursue it:
Breathing Love with Charming voice,
Angels, Cherubins still pursue it;
Singing *Halelujahs* of Celestial joys.

II.

When fair *Celia* made my heart her prize,
Every sinew felt a pleasure;
Each kind look from her obliging Eyes;
Swell'd my joys beyond all measure:
Love, ah! Love is the only Treasure,
Joy and blessing of the brave and wise,
Give me love and life enough and leasure;
I'le never envy what the fool enjoys.

A Song to Cloris.

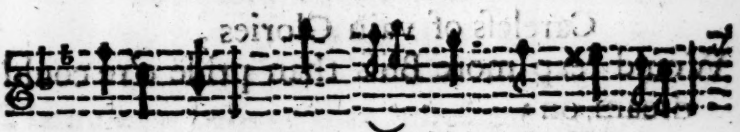
No ſilly *Cloris* tell me no ſuch



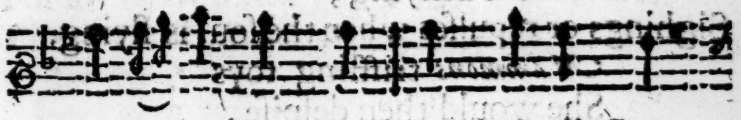
ſtories, true gen'rous Love can never

undoe ye, when I deſert ye, let affected

vertue charm e-ve-ry Fop that now does



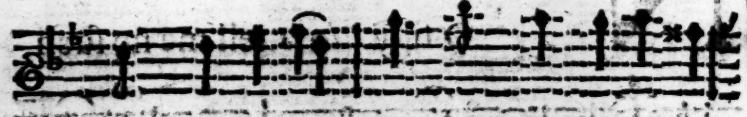
purſue ye, ſearch all humane Nature,



try every Creature, Ranſack all Com-

plections,

plections, every face and feature; and



when e're I dye you'l too late descry,

none ever yet did love so well as I.

II.

Curse on Ambition,
What a blest Condition
Lovers were in, not aw'd by that Dæmon,
Then cruell *Cloris*,
Careless of vain Glories,
Would reap more Bliss than pride e're could dream on;
We should have no dying,
No faint denying,
Sighings or repulses when the soul is flying.
Mammons trifling toys
She would then despise,
And own our Love the center of her joys.

A Song to Astrea.

I.

YOU say I am false, and I freely confess,
Had you bin less Charming my flame had bin less;
But Love, cruel Tyrant, my pain to renew,
Though I'me fickle to most, makes me constant to you.

II.

I play like a fly with the beams of your Eye,
And buzzing around it at last there I dye;
Sometimes brave my fate and break your strong Chain,
But one pretty glance takes me Prisoner again.

III.

Then never believe that *Astrea* can find
Her *Celladon* faithless if she be but kind,
For my heart like a Taper this quality gains,
That whilst it has matter gives luster and flames.

An

An Epithalamium Sung at the Marriage of the Lady W ——

I.

JOY to the Bridegroom! fill the sky
With pleasing sounds of welcom joy;
Joy to the Bride! may lasting bliss,
And every day that prove like this!
Joy to the, *&c.*

II.

Never were Marriage joys divine,
But where two constant hearts combine;
He that proves false, himself does cheat,
Like sick men taste but cannot eat.
He that, *&c.*

III.

What is a Maidenhead? ah what?
Of which weak fools so often prate?
'Tis the young Virgins pride and boast,
Yet ne're was found but when 'twas lost:
'Tis the, *&c.*

IV.

Fill me a Glass then to the brink,
And its confusion here I'le drink;
And he that balks the health I nam'd,
May he dye young and then be dam'd:
And he that, *&c.*

A Catch.

NOW Interest sways the State,
Gets store of Coyn and store of curses;
The Clergy too of late,
Do crow'd their conscience in their Purses:
Since then Religion's grown a cheat,
And each black Robe with Vice is lin'd;
Let Love and Wine our bliss create,
And make us ever young and kind.

A Song in the Fond Husband.

I.

NO more cruel Nimph my passion despise,
Or slight a poor Lover that languishing dies,
Though fortune my name with no Titles endu'd;
Yet fierce is my passion and warm is my blood:
The Love of an Emptrour no greater can be,
And Enjoyment's the same in every degree.

II.

But vig'rous and young I'le fly to thy Arms;
Infusing my Soul in Elyzium of Charms;
A Monarch I'le be when I lye by thy side,
And thy pretty hand my Scepter shall guide:
Thus charm'd with each other, true Rapture wee'l prove,
Whilst Angels look down and envy our Love.

The Clowns Courtship, a Song made and sung to the King at Windsor, *to an excellent* Scotch *Tune.*

I.

QUoth *John* to *Joan*, wilt thou have me?
I prethee now wilt, and Ile Marry with thee?
My Cow, my Cow, my House and Rents,
Aw my Lands and Tenements:
Say my Joan, *say my* Joaney, *will that not do?*
I cannot, I cannot, come every day to woe.

II.

I have Corn and Hay in the Barn hard by,
And three fat Hogs pent up in the sty;
I have a Mare and she's cole black,
I ride on her Tail to save her back:
Say my Joan, *&c.*

III.

I have a Cheese upon the shelf,
I cannot eat it all my self;
I have three gud Marks that lie in a rag,
In the nook of the Chimney instead of a bag:
Say my Joan, *&c.*

IV.

To marry I would have thy consent;
But faith I never could Complement;
I can say nought but hoy gee hoa,
Terms that belong to Cart and Plough:
Say my Joan, *&c.*

The

The Storm, a Song in Sir Barnaby Whigg.

BLow *Boreas* blow, and let thy ſurley winds
Make the Billows foam and roar,
Thou canſt no terrour breed in Valiant minds;
But in ſpite of thee I'le live and find the ſhore:
Then cheer my hearts and be not aw'd,
But keep the Gun-room clear;
Though Hell's broke loole and the Devils roar abroad,
Whilſt we have Sea-room, here boys never fear;
Hey how ſhe toſſes up, how far,
The mounting Topmaſt toucht a Star;
The Meteors blaz'd as through the Clouds we came,
And Salamander-like we live in flame;
But ah we ſink, now, now we go
Down to the deepeſt ſhades below:
Alas where are we now? who, who, can tell?
Sure 'tis the loweſt room in Hell,
Or where the Sea Gods dwell;

With them wee'l live, with them wee'l live and Reign,
With them wee'l laugh and ſing and drink amain;
But ſee we mount, ſee, ſee, we riſe again.

Second Movement.

Though flaſhes of Lightning and Tempeſts of Rain,
Do fiercely contend which ſhall conquer the Main;
Though the Captain does ſwear,
Inſtead of a Pray'r,
And the Sea is all fir'd by the Demons o'th Air;
Wee'l drink and defie the mad Spirits that fly,
From the deep to the ſky;
And ſing whilſt the Thunder does bellow:
For Fate ſtill will have,
A kind Fate for the brave,
And ne're make his Grave of a Salt-water wave:
To drown, drown, never to drown,
No never to drown a good fellow.

A Song in the Virtuous Wife, set by Mr. Farmer.

LET the Traytors Plot on, 'till at last
they'r undon,
By hurting their Brains to decoy us;
We, whose hearts are at rest, in our Loyalty's
blest,
What Demon or power can annoy us?
Ambition like Wine, does the senses confound,
And Treason's a damnable thing;
Then let him that thinks well see his brimmers
go round,
And pray for the safety and life of the King.

CHORUS.

Let *Cæsar* live long, let *Cæsar* live long,
For ever be happy and ever be young;
And he that doth hope to change King for a
Pope,
Let him dye, let him dye, whilst *Cæsar* lives
long.

Tony: *A Ballad made occasionally by reading a late Speech made by a Noble PEER.*

I.

LET *Oliver* now be forgotten, his Policy's quite of doors,
Let *Bradshaw* and *Hewson* lye rotting like Sons of *Phanatical* Whores:
For Tony's grown a Patrician,
By Voting damn'd Sedition,
For many years fam'd Polititian;
The mouth of all *Presbyter* Peers.

II.

Tony a Turncoat at *Worcester*,
Yet swore hee'd maintain the Kings right,
But *Tony* did swagger and bluster,
And never drew Sword on his side:
For *Tony* like an old Old Stallian,
Had still the Pox of Rebellion,
And never was found
Like a Camelion,
Still changing both his shape and his ground.

III.

III.

Old *Rowley* return'd (heaven bleſs him)
From exile and danger ſet free,
Sly *Tony* made haſt to addreſs him,
And ſwore none ſo Loyal as he:
The King that knew him a Traytor,
And ſaw him ſquint like a Satyr,
Yet through his Grace
Pardon'd the matter,
And gave him ſince the Purſe and the Mace.

IV.

And now little Chancellor *Tony*,
With honour has feather'd his Wing,
And careful ſcrap't up the Money,
But never a Groat for the King:
But *Tony's* luck was confounded,
The *Duke* ſoon ſmoakt him a Round-head,
From head to heel
Tony was ſounded;
And *Y—k* ſoon put a ſpoke in his Wheel.

III.

V.

But *Tony* that frets in his Passion,
Like Boy that has netled his breech,
Did late in the house take occasion
To make a most delicate speech:
He told the King like a Croney,
If e're he hope't to have Money
He must be Rul'd. Oh fine *Tony!*
Was ever Potent Monarch so school'd?

IV.

VI.

The King Issues forth Proclamation,
By Learned and Loyal Advice,
But *Tony* declares to the Nation,
The Council will never be wise:
For *Tony* Rayles at the Papist,
Yet is himself an Achist,
Though so precize
Sneaking and Apish
Like holy Quack or Priest in disguise.

V

VII.

VII.

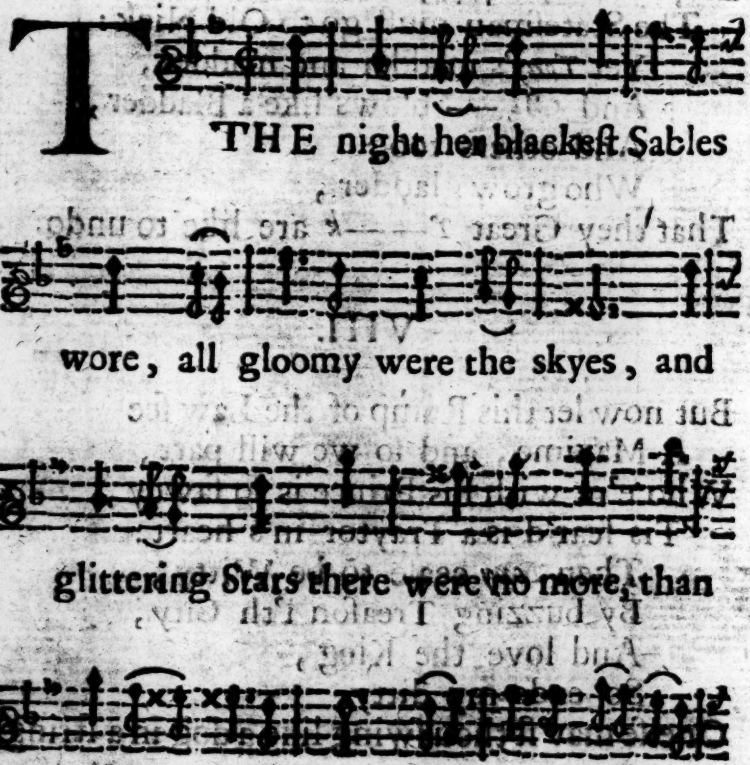
But deſtiny ſhortly will croſs it,
For *Tony* grows Gowty and Sick,
In ſpite of his Spiggot and Fawſet,
The Stateſman muſt go to Old Nick:
Yet *Tony*'s madder and madder,
And *M*—— blows like a Bladder,
And others too,
Who grow gladder,
That they Great *Y*——*k* are like to undo.

VIII.

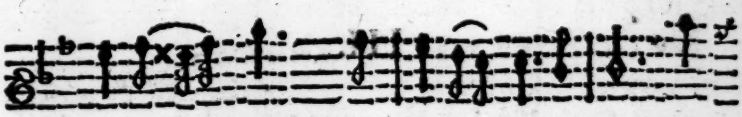
But now let this Rump of the Law ſee
A Maxime, and ſo we will part,
Who e're with his Prince is ſo ſawcy,
'Tis fear'd is a Traytor in's heart:
Then *Tony* ceaſe to be Witty,
By buzzing Treaſon i'th City,
And love the King,
So ends my ditty:
Or elſe may'ſt thou ſwing like a dog in a ſtring.

The Generous Lover, a new Song, set by

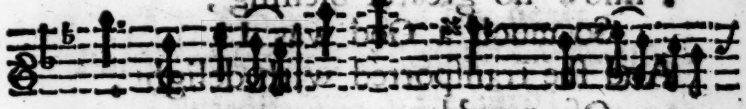
Mr. Tho. Farmer.



Gate



Gate I knockt, where I had often bin, and



ſhrowded onely by her ſmock, this An-gel

let me in.

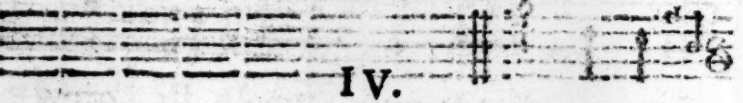
II.

Faſt lockt within my cloſe Embrace,
She trembling lay aſham'd,
Her ſwelling Breaſts and glowing Face,
And every touch enflam'd:
My eager paſſion I obey'd,
Reſolv'd the Fort to win,
And her fond heart was ſoon betray'd
To yield and let me in.

III.

III.

Ah! then beyond expreſſing
Immortal was the Joy,
I know no greater bleſſing;
So much a God was I:
And ſhe tranſported with delight,
Oft pray'd me come agen,
And kindly vow'd that every night
She'd riſe and let me in.



IV.

But ah! at laſt ſhe prov'd with Bearn,
And ſighing ſat and dull,
And I that was as much concern'd
Look'd then juſt like a Fool:
Her lovely Eyes with Tears ran o're,
Repenting her ſweet ſin,
She ſigh'd, and curſt the fatal hour
That e're ſhe let me in.

V.

V.

But who could cruelly deceive,
Or from ſuch Beauty part?
I lov'd her ſo I could not leave
The Charmer for my heart;
But Wedded and conceal'd her Crime;
Thus all was well agen:
And now ſhe thanks the bleſſed time,
That e're ſhe let me in.

RESOLUTION.

I.

LOng did I Love to my Torment,
But *Phillis* grew Proud and Cruel,
Slighting all means of preferment,
I Languiſht my life away,
Jealouſies doubts and deſpairs
Did hourly encreaſe the Fuel;
Sighs and a deluge of Tears
Wore out the tedious day:

But now I know what the worſt of Love is,
I'le leave it quite o're, and I'le languiſh no more,
Let the Amorous Cully deſpair;
My Love I will lend, to my Bottle and Friend,
And ſtill live as free as Aire.

II.

Charming, and bright as a Goddeſs,
Was *Phillis* when firſt I Lov'd her,
Now ſhe is Proud and Immodeſt;
Ah pitty 'twas her Crime,
Though ſhe too dearly did love it,
Shee'd raile when e're I mov'd her:
Scorn of a bleſſing they Covet,
Damns Women before their time;
Why ſhould a Man that has ſenſe and honour,
Doat on a ſnare that the Devil made fair,
As a Plague to the beſt of Mankind,
They Love, Fawn and Pray, and yet hate the next day;
There's no joy like Wit and Wine.

Love's

Love's World: *A Copy of Verses Translated out of the* French *of* Astrea, *Written by my Uncle* Durfe.

I.

GReat Artist, *Love*, the ſure Foundation laid,
And out of me another World has made;
The Earth is my Fidelity, which ſtands
Immovable by any Mortal hands;
And as this World upon the Earth is founded,
So this on my fidelity is grounded.

II.

If any fits of jealouſie do make,
The Earth of my fidelity to ſhake,
And cauſe my ſolid conſtant heart to tremble,
Impriſon'd Winds exactly they reſemble:
Which being in the pregnant Womb inclos'd,
Makes me and the whole Globe be diſcompos'd.

III.

My Tears the Ocean are, as ſoon you may
Empty the Sea, as them dry up or ſtay;

My

My ſighs ſo many ſtorms are; which rebel
And make this Sea to bubble and to ſwell;
And my Eyes flowing Rivulets do glide,
Paying their conſtant Tribute to this Tyde.

IV.

The Air my Will is, pure Serene and free;
And always waits on my fidelity;
The Wind is my Deſire, and rules my Will,
Which by the ſtronger guſt is moved ſtill;
And as in Caverns we do ſee the wind,
So my deſire is in my heart confin'd.

V.

The Fire Inviſible mixt in the Air,
Thoſe ſecret flames which burn my heart up, are;
And as this Element no Eye can ſee,
Even ſo my flames within me ſmother'd be;
But as all fire ſome nouriſhment does crave,
So muſt mine dye or nouriſhment muſt have.

VI.

VI.

My Hopes the Moon is, which does ſtill increaſe
Or elſe diminiſh always more or leſs;
And as fair *Silvia*, I do find it true,
I have no light until ſupply'd by you;
So ſhe no bright perfection ever won,
'Till beautify'd with glories from the Sun.

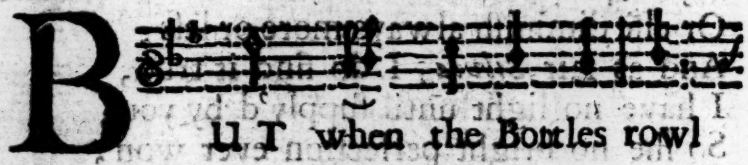
VII.

The Sun is your Incomparable Eye,
Which other Planets does ſo far outvie;
That as the Sun life to the World does give,
So Lovers dye unleſs you bid 'em live;
'Tis day when you appear, and it is night,
Obſcurely dark, when you are out of ſight.

VIII.

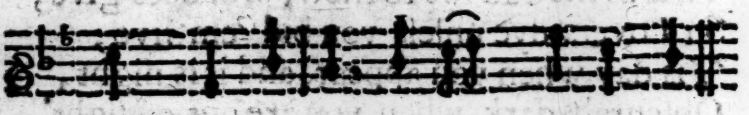
The Summer is my Joy, when you do pleaſe,
To ſhine upon me and my paſſions eaſe;
The Winter is my Fear, when you withdraw,
And my deſpairing doubts deny to thaw;
And then alas, what fruit can Autumn bring,
When I can find no flowers in my ſpring?

The Hornpipe.

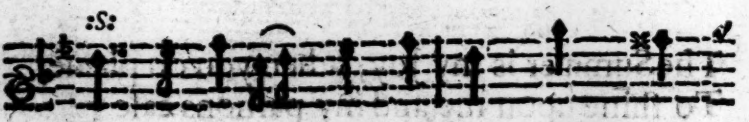


BUT when the Bottles rowl

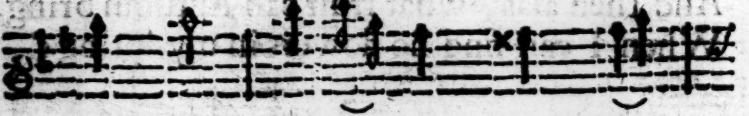
a---bout and Glaſſes, plague of all



Intrigues, a Pox on charming Faces:

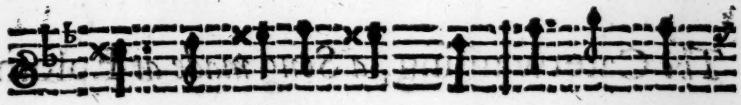


Let the Pu-ny Lo-ver ſigh, and whine,



and moan like a fluttering droan,

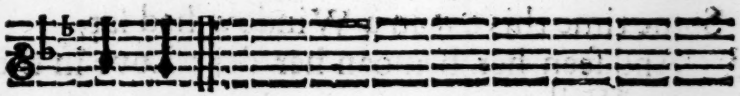
make



make an Inſect humming, Beauty here

we ſee, more bright than any ſhe,

ne--ver out of humour, kind, and always



coming.

The Caterwauling, *a Song made at* Epſom *alluding to an Intrigue there.*

TWO *Cats* were playing by a Well ſide,
And one of theſe two *Cats* fell in,
The *Cat* that was left moſt bitterly wept,
Becauſe ſhe was t'other *Cats* Cozen Jermain.

II.

But e're ſhe could hide her ſorrows, and wipe
The Tears from her fair ſweet Eyes that fell,
Malitious Fate brought another fierce *Cat*,
To ſee her bemoan her dear Love in the Well;
Some time this *Cat* in a Window had ſat,
And ſeen her bemoan her dear Love in the Well.

III.

This *Cat* of mode did the t'other *Cat* keep,
And had given her many a Rich Tabby Gown,
Deſerted his Spouſe, to feaſt her with his Mouſe,
And made her outbrave all the *Cats* in the Town;

Her

Her Champion was, in all Chances befell her,
And had often fought for her in Garret and Celler.

IV.

But now his heart with jealouſie burns;
His Eyes he inflames, and his Claws does whet;
The loving Pur to loud howling he turns,
And Lyon-like ſtares on the other poor *Cat*:
Ah! falſe one, crys he, what a plague did you want,
To howl for this Fool, and deſert your Gallant?

V.

Have I ſo long bin your Cully and Fop;
And kept my poor Wife ſo long from Towne?
Spent all my Eſtate to keep you at your rate;
Every Tooth in your head has coſt me a Pound,
And am I thus Jilted by a *Cat*-Whore,
Go, go, you'r a Puſs, and I'le ſee ye no more!

A Song in the Night Adventures, *or* Esq; Oldsap, *set by Mounsieur* Graboe.

I.

HOW frail is Old Age to believe
Their sinews can ever be strong,
Or think, that a heap
Of diseases can reap
The pleasures of him that is young.
Cho. He plunges in care let him do what he can,
So wretched a thing is a doting Old Man.

II.

His life has been spent in Deboach,
'Till he comes to be sixty or more,
And so wenches on
'Till his vigour be gon,
And then the old Letcher gives o're.
Cho. A passion that's sickly can never last long,
And an Old doting Fool is far worse than a Young.

A Drinking Song.

I.

COme fill the Glaſſes until they run o're,
Wine is the Miſtreſs we ought to adore;
Women are pretty Fantaſtical toys,
Fit to pleaſe fooliſh and ignorant boys:
But Wine, Wine, 'tis Wine alone that affords the true joys;
'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine alone that affords the the true joys.

II.

Wine keeps out envy and grief from our hearts,
Wine keeps us from blind Love and his darts;
We ne're at Fortunes Injuſtice complain,
Nor are we troubled for *Celia*'s diſdain:
But all, all, all our Cares are drown'd in Champaign,
All all our Cares are drown'd in Champaign.

III.

Come fill the Glaſs and I'le drink a new health,
Which ſhall not be to my Wit or my Wealth,
Or to my Miſtreſs, to his, or to thine,
But to a Creature more rare and divine:
Come here, here, here, to the beſt ——
I mean the beſt Wine;
Here, here's to the beſt, I mean the beſt Wine.

A Catch by another hand.

THough the Town be deſtroy'd, ſince our ſelves we enjoy,
Where e're we reſide wee'l make a new *Troy*;
When weary of one place our minds compaſs all,
Thus Man's the great World, and the Globe's but the ſmall.

CHORUS.

Then drink your Veins full, and whilſt waters glide
About the dull Earth, let Wine be your Tide.
Then drink your Veins full, and whilſt waters glide
About the dull Earth, let wine be your Tide.

Another.

Another.

I.

SOme Thirty or Forty or Fifty at leaſt,
Or more, I have lov'd in vain, in vain,
But if you'l vouchſafe to receive a poor gueſt,
For once I will venture again, again.

II.

How long I ſhall be in this mind, this mind,
Is totally in your own power;
All my days I can paſs with the kind, the kind,
But I'le part with the Proud in an hour.

III.

Then if you'l be good natur'd, and civil, and civil,
You'l find I can be ſo too, ſo too;
But if not, you may go, you may go to the Devil,
Or the Devil may come to you, to you.

The Libertine: *A Song set to a Tune call'd* Farmers *Maggot.*

WHilst Love Predominates over our Souls,
A Pox on Counsel from tediqus Old Fools;
Reproofs of the Church-men but whet us the more,
Whilst liberty Teaches,
And appetite Preaches,
No wealth like a Bottle, no joy like a Wh—
Long Tales of Heav'n to Fools are given,
But we put in pleasure to make the Scale even;
Thus Kissing, and Wenching, and Drinking brave Boys,
We drive out Collicks
By nightly Frolicks,
And drown short Life in a Deluge of Joys.

II.

We choose our Misses by goodness of Face,
And hate your formal Fops like a long Grace;
The Minions of Fortune we slight and reprove,
'Tis she's the Fairy,
That proves most Airy,

And

And Courts our acquaintance with paſſion and love:
Let the Zealous Mizer think he is wiſer,
That late kept a Wench, but now is preciſer;
Whilſt we ſit and Revel here free from miſhaps,
With Girls as willing,
As we for a Shilling,
And fear nought, but Duns, bad Clarret and Claps.

Another Song Tranſlated out of the French *of my Uncle* D'urfe.

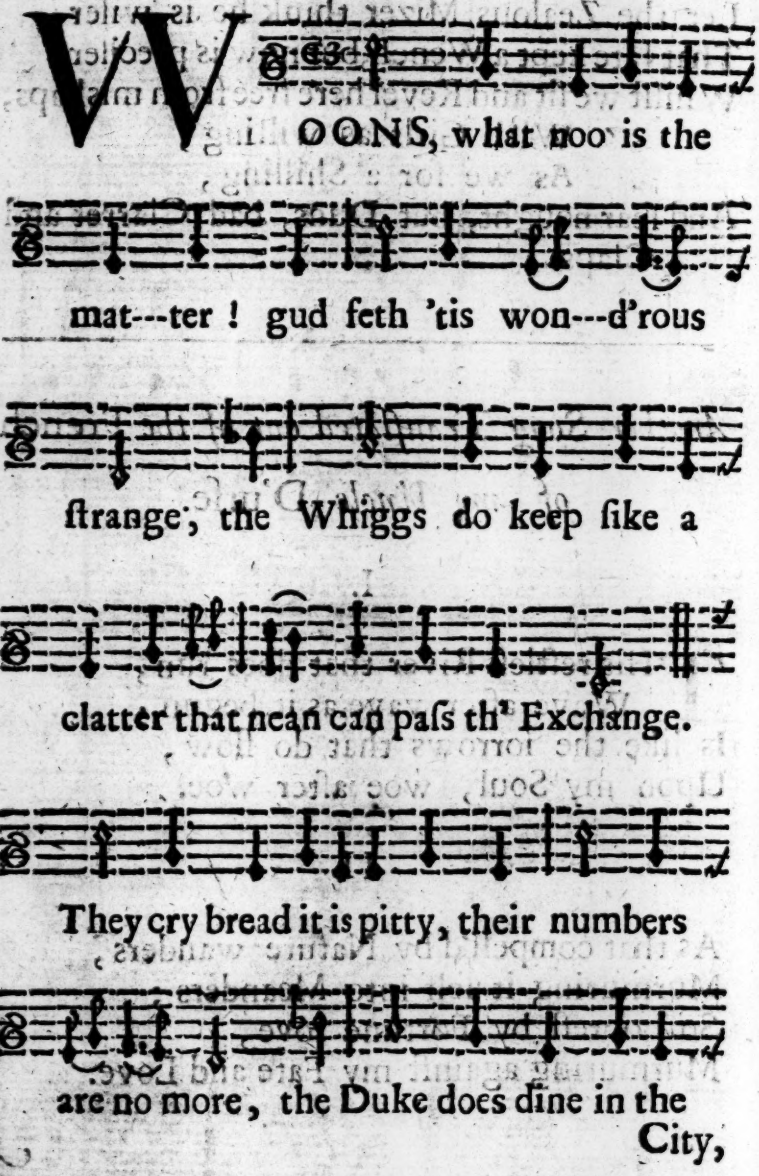
I.

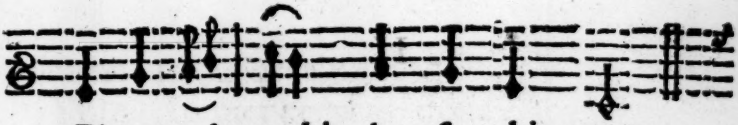
THis reſtleſs River that does run,
Wave after wave as it begun;
Is like the ſorrows that do flow,
Upon my Soul, woe after woe.

II.

As that compell'd by Nature wanders,
Murmuring it ſelf into Meanders;
So I opreſt by Fortune rove,
Murmuring againſt my Fate and Love.

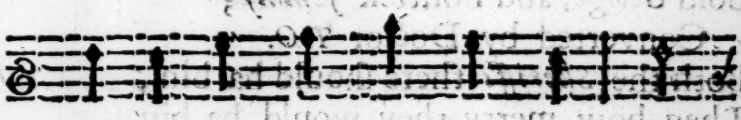
A Scotch *Sung, ſung at the* Artillery *Feaſt.*



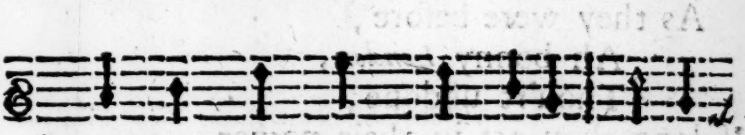


City, and muckle they fear his power.

They begin the awd trick agen, and



Cabal like awd Nick a-gen, Feaſt



three hundred pound thick agen, ſike a

height they ſoar: Ah bonny *London*, thour't

undone if e're thou art in their power.

II.

II.

The wife Old *E*— with the Spiggot,
That never knew reſt or eaſe,
Ods bread is grown ſike a Bigot;
The Nation has his diſeaſe.
More I think I could name ye,
That make this raree ſhow,
Bold *George*, and Politick *Jemmy*;
Converted by Doctor *T O*.
Both the *Sheriffs* there ſhould ha bin,
Then how merry they would ha bin,
Met for National good agen,
As they were before,
Ah bonny *London*,
Thou'rt undone,
If long thou art in their power.

III.

More to ſhew us what Ninnys
Are all Rebellious beaſts,
The Cuckolds ſent in their Guinnys,
To make up this Godly Feaſt.

Never

Never caring or thinking
What Inſolence was done;
Or that their Plotting and Drinking;
Should e're be oppos'd ſo ſoon.
But when they knew they were barr'd agen;
They ſent out the Black Guard agen,
All our Bonfires were marr'd agen;
Slaves did ſhout and roar:
Ah bonny *London*,
Thou'rt undone,
If e're thou art in their power.

IV.

Right and Royalty Governs,
Which Rebels would overthrow;
They once were fatal to Soveraigns;
Ah let 'em no more be ſo.
But to baffle Oppreſſion,
Inſpir'd by Fate divine,
Defend the Crown and Succeſſion;
And keep it in the Right-Line.

Every Soldier will fight for it,
Each bold Genius will write for it;
And the Whigs hang in ſpite for it,
Loſing Regal power:
And bonny *London*,
They're undone,
That thought to uſurp once more.

The Spinning Wheel, *a* Paſtoral, *made at* New-Hall, *and Sung to the* KING *at* Windſor.

I.

UPon a ſunſhine Summers day,
When every Tree was green and gay,
The Morning bluſht with *Phebus* ray,
Juſt then aſcending from the Sea,
As *Silvio* did a Hunting ride,
A lovely Cottage he eſpy'd;
Where lovely *Chloe* Spinning ſat,
And ſtill ſhe turn'd her Weel about.

II.

Her Face a Thousand Graces crown,
Her Curling hair was lovely brown,
Her Rowling Eyes all hearts did win,
And white as down of Swans her skin;
So taking her plain dress appears,
Her Age not passing sixteen years,
The Swain lay sighing at her foot,
Yet still she turn'd her Wheel about.

III.

Thou sweetest of thy tender kind,
Cries he, this ne're can suit thy mind,
Such Grace attracting noble Loves,
Was ne're design'd for Woods and Groves;
Come, come with me to Court my Dear,
Partake my Love and Honour there,
And leave this Rural sordid rout,
And turn no more thy Wheel about.

IV.

At this with some few modest sighs,
She turns to him her Charming Eyes;
Ah! tempt me Sir no more she cries,
Nor seek my weakness to surprize,

I know your Arts to be believ'd,
I know how Virgins are deceiv'd;
Then let me thus my Life wear out,
And turn my harmless Wheel about.

V.

By that dear panting breast cries he,
And yet unseen divinity,
Nay by my Soul that rests in thee,
I swear this cannot, must not be;
Ah cause not my eternal woe,
Nor kill the Man that loves thee so;
But go with me and ease my doubt,
And turn no more thy Wheel about.

VI.

His Cunning Tongue so play'd its part,
He gain'd admission to her heart;
And now she thinks it is no sin,
To take Loves fatal poyson in;
But ah too late she found her fault,
For he her Charms had soon forgot;
And left her e're the year ran out,
In tears to turn her Wheel about.

Advice to the City: Sung to the King at Windsor, *to a* Theorbo.

I.

REmember ye *Whiggs* what was formerly done,
Remember your mischiefs in *Forty* and *One*;
When friend oppos'd friend, and Father the Son,
Then, then your Old Cause went rarely on:
The Cap sat aloft, and low was the Crown,
The Rabble got up and the Nobles went down;
Lay Elders in Tubs, rul'd Bishops in Robes,
Who mourn'd the sad fate
And dreadful disaster, of their Royal Master
By Rebels betraid.

Chorus.

Then *London* be wise and baffle their power;
And let 'em play the Old Game no more;
Hang, hang up the Sh——
Those Baboons in power,
Those popular Thieves,
Those Rats of the Tower;

Whoſe Canting Tales the Rabble believes;
In a hurry
And never ſorry
Merrily they go on:
Fy for ſhame, we're too tame, ſince they claim
The Combat:
Tan tarra rarra, Tan tarra rarra,
Dub a dub, let the Drum beat,
The ſtrong Militia guards the Throne.

II.

When Faction poſſeſſes the Popular Voice,
The Cauſe is ſupply'd ſtill with Nonſence and Noiſe;
And *Tony* their Speaker the Rabble leads on,
For he knows if we proſper that he muſt run;
Carolina muſt be his Station of eaſe,
And *London* be rid of her worſeſt diſeaſe:
From Plots and from Spies,
From Treaſons and Lies
We ſhall ever be free,
And the Law ſhall be able, to puniſh a Rebel
As cunning as he.

CHORUS.

Chorus.

Then *London* be wiſe and baffle their power;
And let 'em play the Old Game no more;
Hang, hang up the Sh——
Thoſe Baboons in power,
Thoſe popular Thieves,
Thoſe Rats of the Tower,
Whoſe Canting Tales the Rabble believes;
In a hurry
And never ſorry
Merrily they go on:
Fy for ſhame, we're too tame, ſince they claim
The Combat:
Tan tarra rarra, Tan tarra rarra,
Dub a dub, let the Drum beat,
The ſtrong Militia guards the Throne.

III.

Rebellion ne're wanted a Loyal pretence,
Theſe Villains, ſwear all's for the good of their Prince;
Oppoſe our Elections to ſhow what they dare,
And loſing their Charter arreſt the Mayor;

Fool *Je* — was the Captain of the Cuckoldy
Crew,
With *Ell* — and *Jea* — and *H* — the Jew;
Fam'd ſparks of the Town
For wealth and renown,
Give the Devil his due,
And ſuch as we fear, had our Soveraign bin
there,
Had arreſted him too.

CHORUS.

Then *London* be wiſe and baffle their power;
And let 'm play the Old Game no more;
Hang, hang up the Sh——
Thoſe Baboons in power,
Thoſe popular Thieves,
Thoſe Rats of the Tower,
Whoſe Canting Tales the Rabble believes;
In a hurry
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Merrily they go on:
Fy for ſhame, we're too tame, ſince they claim
The Combat:
Tan tarra rarra, Tan tarra rarra,
Dub a dub, let the Drum beat,
The ſtrong Militia guards the Throne.

A Song, Sung to the King at his Entertainment at my Lord Conways *at* Windſor.

I.

WHen Godlike *Cæſar* from his Throne,
Decends to taſt of Mortal Joy,
And from his awful hand lays down
The dazling Rains of Monarchy:
The Queen of Love and Beauty flies,
To calm his frowns and cares releaſe;
Brim full of liquid Love her Eyes,
And Breaſt like the white land of Peace.

II.

Then, then an equal power they ſhow,
In Union all true bliſs relies,
He carries Thunder in his brow;
She killing Lightning in her Eyes:
Yet only hurtful to her foes,
Whoſe brutal Malice ſhe would tame,
O're others it divinely grows,
A Glory in a Lambent flame.

III.

In Love is our Eternal rest,
Salvation there does chiefly lie,
In *Cæsars* pleasure we are blest;
In his content depends our joy:
So *Jove* and Pregnant nature prove,
The blessings they for us design'd;
Since from their everlasting Love
Springs all the joys of human kind.

The Court Star: A Poem, on the Dutches of ——.

I.

WE all to Conquering Beauty bow,
Its Influence I admire,
But never saw a Star 'till now
That like you could inspire:
Now I may say I met with one,
Amazes all Mankind,
And like Men gazing on the Sun;
With too much light am blind.

II.

Like the bright Genious of your Race,
You ſpread your Influence,
Your one Sex borrows from your Face;
And ours from your ſence:
Pardon me, ſince my thoughts I raiſe,
With this bleſt Theam delighted,
For ſince all loudly ſpeak your praiſe,
Then when ſhou'd I not write it.

III.

The glittering Temple of our God,
Is deckt with forms divine,
But amongſt all the heavenly Crowd,
Is ne're a Face like thine;
The ſtricteſt zeal Apoſtate ſtands,
When ſo much Grace they view,
To heaven they trembling lift their hands;
But Eyes and hearts to you.

IV.

Calm as the tender moving ſighs;
  When longing Lovers meet;
Like the divining Prophets wiſe,
  And like blown Roſes ſweet:
Modeſt yet Gay, reſerv'd yet free;
  Each happy Night a Bride,
A Mein like awful Majeſty,
  And yet no ſpark of Pride.

V.

The *Patriarch* to gain a Wife,
  Chaſt, Beautiful and Young,
Serv'd Fourteen years of painful life,
  Yet never thought 'em long;
Ah! were you to reward ſuch cares,
  And Life ſo long could ſtay,
Not Fourteen, but Four Hundred years;
  Would ſeem but as one day.

VI.

VI.

Thus when eternal kindneſs flow'd,
E're wretched *Adam* ſinn'd,
Heavens bounteous hand on him beſtow'd;
A lovely Female friend.
I know not how he priz'd that life,
But this I'me ſure is true,
If a true bleſſing be a Wife,
She then muſt be like you.

FINIS.

VI.

Thus when eternal kindness flow'd,
E're wretched Adam sinn'd,
Heavens bounteous hand on him bestow'd;
A lovely Female friend.
I know not how he priz'd that life,
But this I'me sure is true,
If a true blessing be a Wife,
She then must be like you.

FINIS.

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A discourse touching *Tangier*; on these Heads: 1. The service *Tangier* has already rendred

rendred the Crown. 2. What service it may render if improved. 3. The mischief it may do us if possest by any other powerful Prince. 4. Some general observations touching Trade.

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